Migration To The MOON

WHEN ROCKETS HAVE ACHIEVED A SPEED OF SEVEN MILES PER SECOND THEY WILL EXCEED THE VELOCITY NECESSARY TO ESCAPE THE EARTH'S GRAVITY.

AND BY SIMPLY MAINTAINING THEIR INITIAL SPEED, TRAINS OF SUCH ROCKETS CAN REACH THE MOON IN TEN HOURS!

WHILE THE WAGON TRAINS OF 20 YEARS EARLIER TOOK WEEKS FOR THEIR TRIPS TO CALIFORNIA.

THE DANGER OF THE FUTURE MIGRATIONS WILL NOT BE FROM THE INDIANS, THOSE NOMADS OF THE PLAINS...BUT FROM METEORS...NOMADS OF SPACE!
CRASH!

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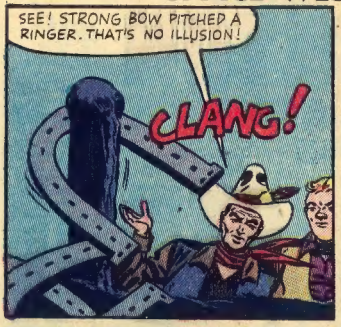
SPACE WESTERN COMICS

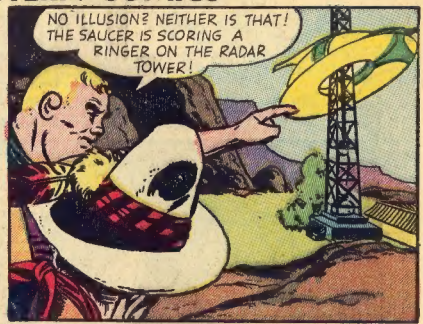
SPURS JACKSON and his SPACE VIGILANTES IN THE SAUCER MEN

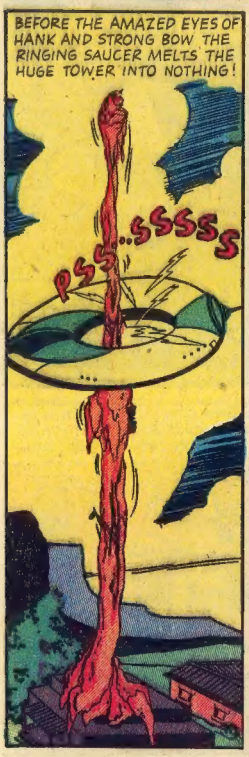
FLYING SAUCERS! THEY'RE REAL, ALL RIGHT--AND THEY AREN'T OUR MISSILES! THEY MUST BE FROM ANOTHER PLANET--- COME ON, PRONTO ---WE'RE GETTING OVER TO THE RANCH RIGHT FAST!
Jack Bell

SPURS JACKSON, COWBOY AND RANCHER LIKES TO RIDE THE ARIZONA RANGE ON HIS HORSE, "PRONTO" ---BUT BY PROFESSION SPURS IS AN ELECTRONIC ENGINEER...HE HAS CHARGE OF A 1000-FOOT RADAR TOWER ERECTED ON HIS RANCH, THE BAR-Z TO CHECK THE FLIGHT OF GUIDED MISSILES NOW BEING PROJECTED FROM EARTH TO THE MOON---

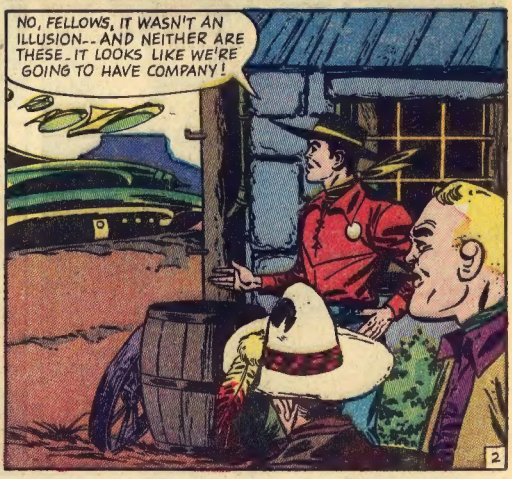
STRONG BOW HEARD SCIENTISTS TELL SPURS JACKSON THAT FLYING SAUCERS ARE JUST AN ILLUSION- SO STRONG BOW PREFERS HORSE-SHOES


SEE! STRONG BOW PITCHED A RINGER. THAT'S NO ILLUSION!
CLANG!


NO ILLUSION? NEITHER IS THAT! THE SAUCER IS SCORING A RINGER ON THE RADAR TOWER!


BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES OF HANK AND STRONG BOW THE RINGING SAUCER MELTS THE HUGE TOWER INTO NOTHING!
PSSS..SSSSS

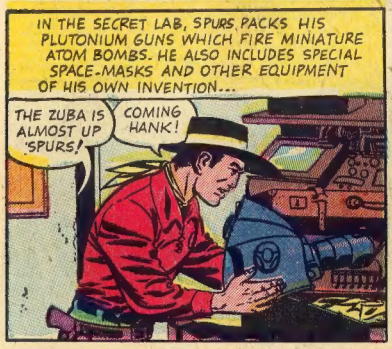
SEE THAT, STRONG BOW? YOU'LL BE TELLING ME NEXT THAT THE RADAR TOWER WAS JUST AN ILLUSION!
HERE COME BOSS- WE'LL ASK HIM-

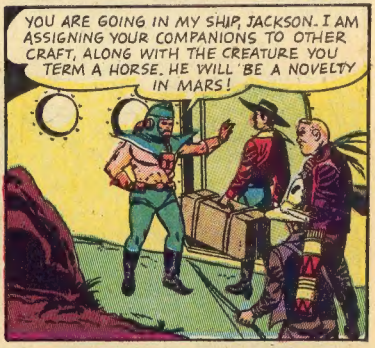

NO, FELLOWS, IT WASN'T AN ILLUSION--AND NEITHER ARE THESE. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!
2

WELL, WELL! DON'T TELL ME YOU ARE FROM MARS!
NATURALLY WE ARE FROM MARS...
--AND I FIND YOUR LANGUAGE SO PRIMITIVE THAT I CAN TRANSLATE IT AND ANSWER YOU INSTANTLY! I AM AMAZED THAT SUCH A SIMPLE RACE HAS LEARNED THE RUDIMENTS OF SPACE TRAVEL!
YOU MEAN OUR MOON MISSILES! THEY'RE JUST EXPERIMENTS- I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THEM IF YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET AND STAY A WHILE!
SEIZE THIS EARTHLING AND DISARM HIM!
IF WE REMOVED OUR HELMETS YOUR DENSE ATMOSPHERE WOULD CRUSH US! YOU FOOL, TO THINK I WOULD FALL FOR THAT ONE!
THIS WEAPON IS A MERE PLAYTHING, GREAT KOROK!
CRACK
ANOTHER TOY KOROK! WITH MY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE I CAN MASTER ITS TRICKS INSTANTLY!
WHY, YOU--YOU FUGITIVE FROM A PLANETARIUM! IT TOOK ME A YEAR TO GET THAT GOOD!
AGES AGO, OUR MARTIAN BABIES USED TO FASHION THESE WHILE THEY WERE STILL IN THEIR CRADLES.
GIVE THEM BACK THEIR HARMLESS TRIFLES--THEY CAN BRING THEM ALONG.
3

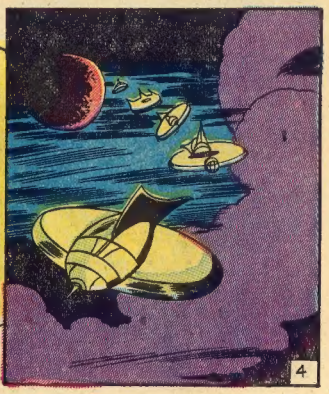
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BRING US ALONG?
WE ARE TAKING YOU TO MARS AS PROOF THAT WE VISITED YOUR WORLD. I AM GIVING YOU ONE ZUBA -SEVENTEEN AND A HALF EARTH MINUTES--TO PACK. SO HURRY!

SO THEY CALL MY ROPE A TOY, HUH? ALL RIGHT, I'LL PACK A PAIR OF SIX GUNS. THEY'LL BE USEFUL WHEN WE GET TO MARS.
A GOOD IDEA! KEEP WATCH WHILE I PICK UP SOME OTHER WEAPONS FROM THE SECRET LAB!


IN THE SECRET LAB, SPURS PACKS HIS PLUTONIUM GUNS WHICH FIRE MINIATURE ATOM BOMBS. HE ALSO INCLUDES SPECIAL SPACE-MASKS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT OF HIS OWN INVENTION...
THE ZUBA IS ALMOST UP 'SPURS!
COMING HANK!

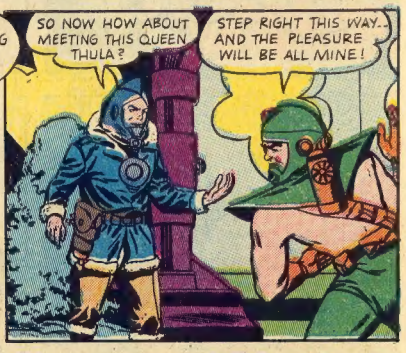

YOU ARE GOING IN MY SHIP, JACKSON. I AM ASSIGNING YOUR COMPANIONS TO OTHER CRAFT, ALONG WITH THE CREATURE YOU TERM A HORSE. HE WILL BE A NOVELTY IN MARS!

SPINNING WITH TREMENDOUS SPEED THE MARTIAN SAUCERS GAIN SUFFICIENT ESCAPE VELOCITY TO WHIRL FROM EARTH AND ZOOM OFF THROUGH THE VOID!



AS THEY SKIM TO A LANDING ON THE PLANET MARS, KOROK ANNOUNCES HIS PLANS TO SPURS.

WHERE AND HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE THAT AMAZING COSTUME?
COOKED IT UP ON MY OWN. YOU SEE KOROK, I WAS FIXING TO DO SOME TRAVELING TO THE PLANETS MYSELF, WHEN YOU CAME ALONG AND SAVED ME THE TROUBLE.

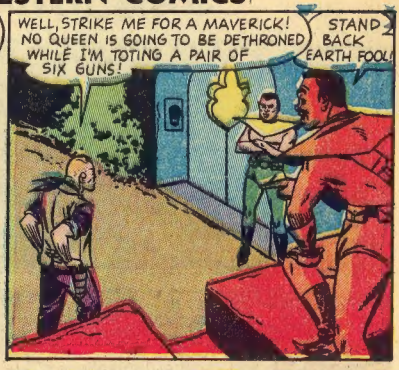


QUEEN THULA, I BRING YOU A STRANGE CREATURE FROM THE PLANET EARTH. HE WILL CONFIRM THE FACT WITH HIS OWN LIPS.
THAT'S RIGHT YOUR MAJESTY. I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM EARTH

THIS IS SAD NEWS, INDEED. IT MEANS THAT KOROK TAKES THE THRONE AND WILL RULE IN MY PLACE!
BUT YOUR MAJESTY.. I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
ALL HAIL KING KOROK!

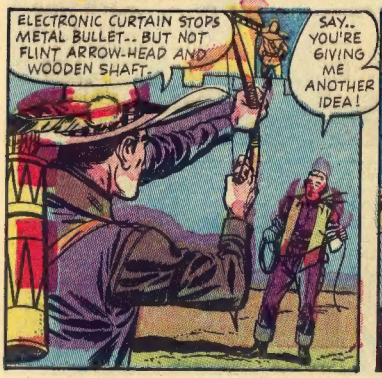
IT IS REALLY VERY SIMPLE- THE LAW SAID THAT WHEN KOROK CONQUERED THE PLANET EARTH, THE THRONE WOULD BE HIS.
KOROK-CONQUERED EARTH? WHY THE PHONEY! HE ONLY STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO TALK US INTO TAKING A SAUCER RIDE!

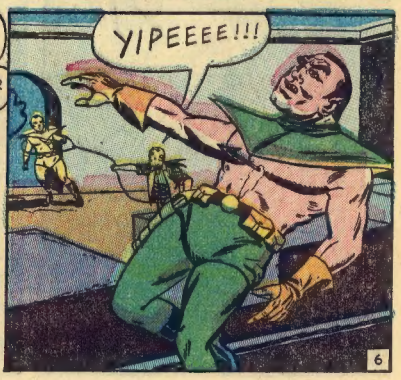
WHAT'S COOKING, SPURS.. AND WHO IS SHE ?
SHE'S QUEEN THULA. SHE JUST LOST HER THRONE ON OUR ACCOUNT.


WELL, STRIKE ME FOR A MAVERICK! NO QUEEN IS GOING TO BE DETHRONED WHILE I'M TOTING A PAIR OF SIX GUNS!
STAND BACK EARTH FOOL!

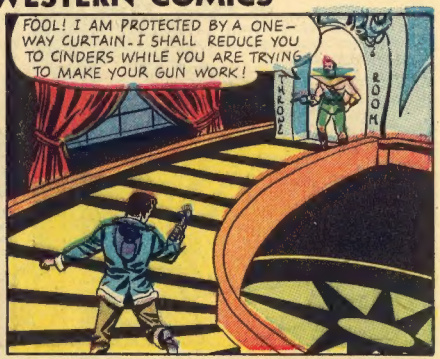
HAW-HAW...THIS PALACE IS PROTECTED BY AN ELECTRONIC CURTAIN THROUGH WHICH NO METAL CAN PASS.
THAT LET'S OUT MY PLUTONIUM GUN PELLETS TOO!
BANG
BANG

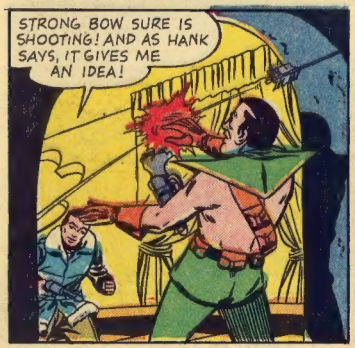
WE ARE BARRED FROM THE PALACE. THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.
STRONG BOW HAS DIFFERENT IDEA.

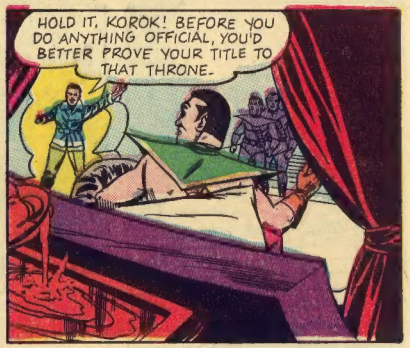

ELECTRONIC CURTAIN STOPS METAL BULLET.. BUT NOT FLINT ARROW-HEAD AND WOODEN SHAFT.
SAY.. YOU'RE GIVING ME ANOTHER IDEA!


YIPEEEE!!!

I'VE GOT THIS BUCKAROO! GO RIGHT ON THROUGH, BOSS!


FOOL! I AM PROTECTED BY A ONE-WAY CURTAIN. I SHALL REDUCE YOU TO CINDERS WHILE YOU ARE TRYING TO MAKE YOUR GUN WORK!
THRONE
DOOR


STRONG BOW SURE IS SHOOTING! AND AS HANK SAYS, IT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

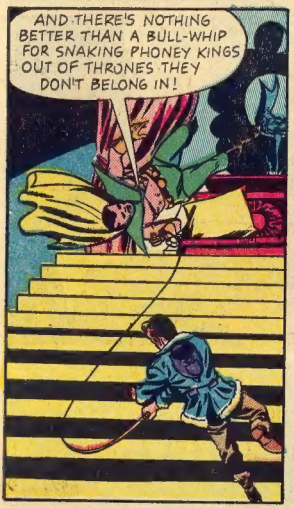

HOLD IT, KOROK! BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING OFFICIAL, YOU'D BETTER PROVE YOUR TITLE TO THAT THRONE.

I SHALL HANDLE THIS! PUT AWAY YOUR USELESS GUN, JACKSON AND MEET ME MAN TO MAN.

ALL RIGHT, KOROK. WHAT NOW?
RIGHT NOW, I SHALL WITHER YOU IN YOUR TRACKS.

THERE'S SOMETHING THAT PENETRATES YOUR PERSONAL ELECTRONIC SCREEN!
CRACK

KIND OF NUMBS YOUR GUN-HAND, TOO!
SNAP!


AND THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN A BULL-WHIP FOR SNAKING PHONEY KINGS OUT OF THRONES THEY DON'T BELONG IN!

NICE WORK, BOYS!

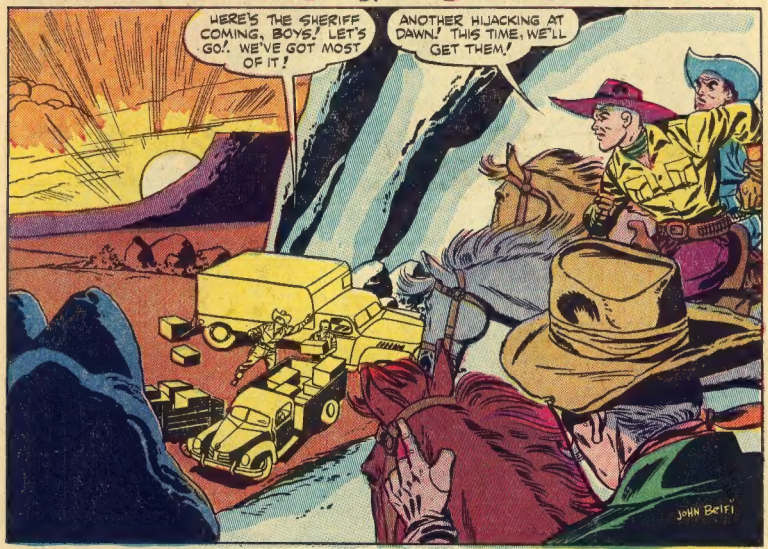
DRAG OUT KOROK WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT HANK- YOU'LL FIND HIM LYING AROUND SOMEWHERE.
OKAY, BOSS!
YOU HAVE WON THIS THRONE AS YOUR OWN- COME AND SIT BESIDE ME AS MY NEW PRIME MINSTER

HAIL QUEEN THULA!
ALL HAIL THE NEW PRIME MINSTER SPURS JACKSON!
YOU KNOW THIS COULD ONLY HAPPEN ON MARS!
THE END

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

THE DAYS OF JESSE JAMES WERE BACK AGAIN, BUT WITH A MODERN TWIST! INSTEAD OF ROBBING TRAINS, BANDITS WERE HIJACKING TRUCKS THAT BROUGHT SUPPLIES TO THE NEW PUEBLO DAM! THE LAW WAS BAFFLED UNTIL HANK ROPER FIGURED OUT THE GAME PLAYED BY...

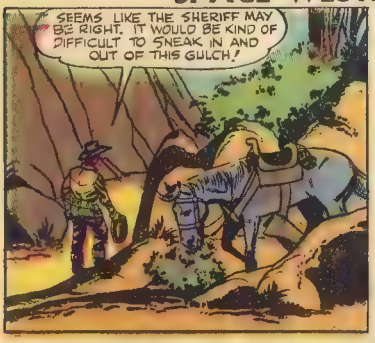
The OUTLAWS of the DESERT.

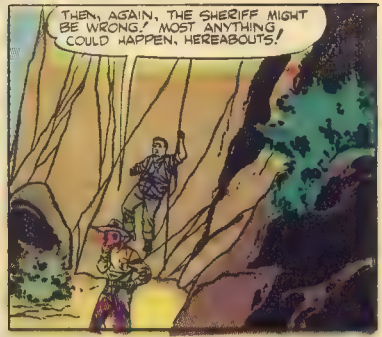


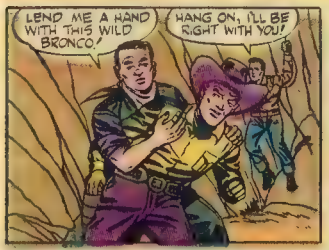
KEEP AFTER THE OUTLAWS, SHERIFF! I'LL HAVE THESE TRUCKERS LOOSE IN A JIFFY!
GOOD ENOUGH, HANK! MAYBE THEY CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING!

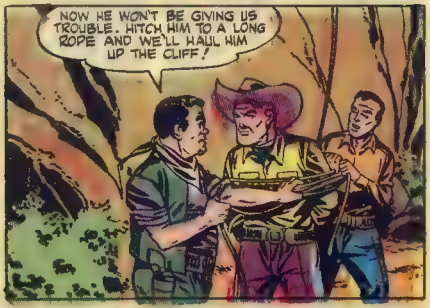
BOY, YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ROPES, THE WAY YOU UNTIED THEM!
SORRY WE CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT THOSE OUTLAWS. THEY WERE ALL MASKED!
OKAY. I'LL BE RIDING ON.

HI, RANCHERS. SEE ANYTHING OF SHERIFF TALBOT?
YEAH... HE RODE ON THROUGH PAINTED GULCH. AFTER GIVING OUR TRUCK A GOING OVER!
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE SHERIFF, HE WENT THAT WAY.
HI, HANK! GLAD YOU CAUGHT UP. WE'RE GOING TO FIND THAT HI-JACKING STUFF IF WE SEARCH EVERY TRUCK IN THIS COUNTRY!
WELL, SHERIFF, WE BEEN SEARCHING FROM DAWN TO HIGH NOON AND NARY A TRUCK WITH ANY HI-JACKED GOODS!
KEEP RIGHT ON SEARCHING, I'M NOT GIVING UP.
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE WASTING TIME, SHERIFF. THE ONLY WAY TO FIND THOSE HI-JACKED SUPPLIES IS TO START LOOKING FROM WHERE YOU LAST SAW THEM. THAT WAS AROUND PAINTED GULCH!
YOU'VE GONE PLUMB LOCO, HANK!
THERE'S NOT A LOOSE ROCK NOR EVEN A LONE TREE WHERE YOU COULD HIDE ANYTHING IN THAT GULCH!
IT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME, SHERIFF. WHEN YOU WANT ME. I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!
2

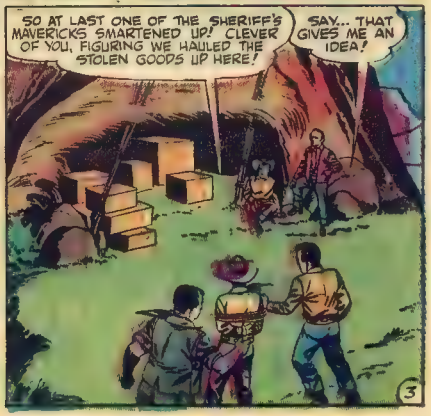

SEEMS LIKE THE SHERIFF MAY BE RIGHT. IT WOULD BE KIND OF DIFFICULT TO SNEAK IN AND OUT OF THIS GULCH!


THEN, AGAIN, THE SHERIFF MIGHT BE WRONG! MOST ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN, HEREABOUTS!


LEND ME A HAND WITH THIS WILD BRONCO!
HANG ON, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!


NOW HE WON'T BE GIVING US TROUBLE. HITCH HIM TO A LONG ROPE AND WE'LL HAUL HIM UP THE CLIFF!

HEAVE AWAY!

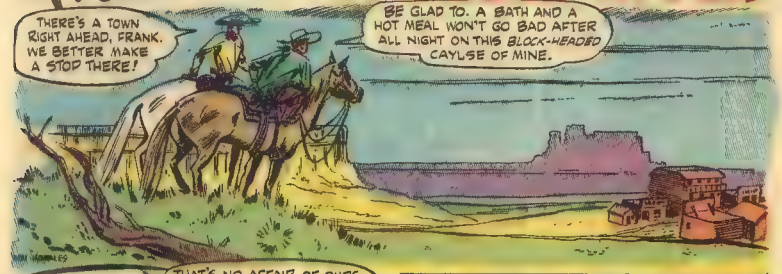

SO AT LAST ONE OF THE SHERIFF'S MAVERICKS SMARTENED UP! CLEVER OF YOU, FIGURING WE HAULED THE STOLEN GOODS UP HERE!
SAY... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
3

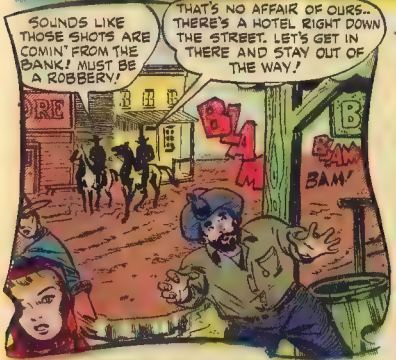
WE'LL LET THIS ROPE DANGLE SO WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES LOOKING FOR HIS PAL, HE'LL HOOK HIMSELF LIKE A BIG FISH!
FUNNY... HANK TETHERING HIS HORSE OUTSIDE... YET HE ISN'T ANYWHERE AROUND. SAY... WHAT'S THAT ROPE DOING HERE!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. THAT'S TO CLIMB UP AND SEE!
SO THAT'S THE GAME! BRINGING THE STOLEN STUFF THROUGH THE GULCH AND HAULING IT UP HERE. NO WONDER ALL THOSE PICKUP TRUCKS WERE EMPTY!
LOOK OUT, SHERIFF!
I'LL FIX YOU! YOU PHONEY RANCHERS!
SO LONG, SHERIFF. YOU KNOW A LOT BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL IT.

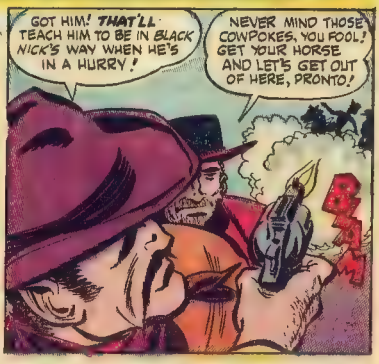
SHERIFF, QUICK! GRAB THAT COIL!
GRAB THAT COIL?... IT LOOKS LIKE THE COIL IS GRABBING ME!
THAT WAS AN EASY LANDING, THANKS TO HANK! NOW FOR ANOTHER QUICK CLIMB!
YEAH? SO, YOU THINK!
THAT SETTLES THE LAST OF THEM!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN... IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
WHAT!
THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE OUTLAWS, SHERIFF!
THEY MADE A MISTAKE PICKING YOU, HANK! YOU KNEW YOUR ROPES WELL ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THEM!
THE END

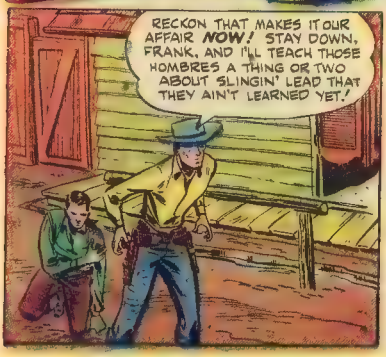
SPACE WESTERN COMICS

Incident AT POWDER RIVER


THERE'S A TOWN RIGHT AHEAD, FRANK. WE BETTER MAKE A STOP THERE!
BE GLAD TO. A BATH AND A HOT MEAL WON'T GO BAD AFTER ALL NIGHT ON THIS BLOCK-HEADED CAYUSE OF MINE.


SOUNDS LIKE THOSE SHOTS ARE COMIN' FROM THE BANK! MUST BE A ROBBERY!
THAT'S NO AFFAIR OF OURS.. THERE'S A HOTEL RIGHT DOWN THE STREET. LET'S GET IN THERE AND STAY OUT OF THE WAY!
BLAM BAM!


GOT HIM! THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO BE IN BLACK NICK'S WAY WHEN HE'S IN A HURRY!
NEVER MIND THOSE COWPOKES, YOU FOOL! GET YOUR HORSE AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!


RECKON THAT MAKES IT OUR AFFAIR NOW! STAY DOWN, FRANK, AND I'LL TEACH THOSE HOMBRES A THING OR TWO ABOUT SLINGIN' LEAD THAT THEY AIN'T LEARNED YET!

NEVER SEEN SHOOTIN' LIKE THAT BEFORE.
THAT WAS FAST! JUST LIKE ONE LONG SHOT!
HERE COMES MARSHAL EVANS... LATE AS USUAL!
THAT WAS A MIGHTY FAIR BIT OF SHOOTIN', SON. POWDER RIVER OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR PUTTING THOSE HOMBRES IN BOOT HILL TODAY. HOW'S YOUR PARD?
DOCTOR'S LOOKIN' AT HIM OVER IN THE HOTEL, MARSHAL. JUST WINGED HIM IN THE SHOULDER. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I RECKON.
HAVE THAT BANDAGE CHANGED TOMORROW. YOU'RE MIGHTY LUCKY IT DIDN'T HIT A BIT TO THE RIGHT!
SAY, YOU FELLOWS BOTH LOOK MIGHTY FAMILIAR TO ME.. BEEN THROUGH THESE PARTS BEFORE?
NO, SIR, NEVER HAVE. MUST LOOK LIKE SOMEONE YOU KNOW. YOU READY TO RIDE ON, FRANK?
SURE SEEMS LIKE I'D OUGHT TO RECOGNIZE THOSE TWO BOYS.. CAN'T PLACE THEM, THOUGH..
THIS JUST CAME IN ON THE STAGE FOR YOU, MARSHAL.
COME ON INTO THE OFFICE, DAVE, AND WE'LL LOOK THIS OVER.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARSHAL?
NOTHIN', DAVE, NOTHIN'... JUST THAT I GUESS MAYBE THAT'S THE FIRST TIME JESSE EVER PUT MONEY BACK INTO A BANK!
$ 5000 REWARD
JESSE JAMES
The END

THE MOON MONSTERS

It came sizzling in like a moonbeam, a long, thin, shiny streak as silvery as the moon itself. So fast was its course that you seemed to catch sight of it from the corner of your eye, it was gone that quickly.

Then, when you tried to follow it with your gaze, you just couldn't catch up. It must have been a hundred miles up in the sky, higher than a shooting star, when Ethel first spotted it and pointed. But before she had much more than time to exclaim: "My goodness, it must be a space ship, coming from the moon!" the thing had hit, out there in the desert.

We wouldn't have believed it even then, if the silver streak had landed anywhere else. But the sudden puff of light, the scintillating burst, like a lot of fireworks going up in one flash, was proof that something had happened out yonder in the cactus.

There were only a dozen of us around the dude ranch that night, but we all hopped to our horses and rode out to learn what it was all about.

There wasn't a trace of the space ship when we reached the spot where it had landed, at least no trace of the ship itself. Whether it was composed of some disintegrating material, purposely planned for self-demolition, or whether its makers had failed to calculate the burning effect of the friction from earth's atmosphere, we never did find out

Whichever the case, it had preserved its crew intact. We found what appeared to be a thirty-foot crater, without a scrap of metal or even any meteoric rock. But in the small bowl bashed in the desert's surface were about half a dozen of the strangest creatures that human eyes had ever viewed, bar none. Whatever their origin, they were certainly not of this earth. That was why we termed them the moon monsters, though only the very heavens themselves know where the things really came from.

Picture a creature with the general proportions and carriage of a giant kangaroo, but with its ability to stretch its forelegs whenever it chose. Give it the patience of a sheep, the grin of a monkey and the hiss of a cobra. Let it come strolling toward you, then go flying clear over your head, stretching short wings to aid its bounding flight. Then have it pounce, snarling viciously, as though to seize you as its prey, only to go flouncing away with a side-skip, flinging back a laugh that even a hyena could not utter. Add that all up and if you were still willing to believe your senses, you would have an approximate idea of a moon monster.

After our horses got through shying at the things, we began a roundup. "The critters are tractable, at least," was the way Cal Tinsley, our old rancher, put it. "Seems like they're no more trouble than the last batch of bighorns I helped corral." But Cal didn't know his moon monsters yet. He was to find out plenty.

By the time we arrived back at the ranch, the things were loping along in friendly style. We decided to pen them up and take stock in the morning. They took that treatment very nicely, particularly when we began feeding them. They ate everything we offered and seemed ravenous for more. They would have reached their limit though, if Ethel hadn't tried them on some pie. They liked it so much they sat back on their haunches and waited for more. That was the way we left them, sitting there in the moonlight, the solemnest lot of crazy nightmare creatures in any world.

That, we thought, would end our troubles until morning. Everybody turned in and I, for one, went sound asleep. In fact, I thought that with morning, the whole thing would prove to be a dream. But an hour before dawn, it turned out otherwise.

I awakened to hear the whole ranch house in an uproar. I raced out into the living room to find it full of moon monsters. The things had come in after pie and were tearing the

place apart to get it. They were snarling, biting pawing with feet that were a combination of hoof and claw.

Old Cal didn't allow for such goings on. He upped with a six-gun and blazed point blank at one of the things. That really did it.

Instead of slumping, the moon monster literally split apart. Where there was one, there now were two. Everyone saw it and blinked with utter astonishment, except Steve Ellington, a New England farmer who had come to Arizona for his health and had brought along his favorite shotgun. He decided to handle two for Cal's one, so he blasted a pair of the creatures, one with each barrel.

That pair went double, like Cal's had. Only from then on it didn't take any shooting to make them multiply. All you had to do was look at them and you saw double, in reality. We dashed out of the house and the things came scrambling after us, doubling as they came.

Even now we were surrounded by the things, nearly seven layers deep. They could be counted by thousands, if they would only stop multiplying while we counted them. All we could do was look to old Cal, as though he had started the whole thing by getting too handy with his six-gun. But old Cal wasn't to blame. The varmints had come to earth intending to dominate it with their doubling tactics and if old Cal hadn't set them off, something else would have.

Anyway, we looked to old Cal. He set the nearest moon monster back on its haunches with a wad of tobacco between the eyes and the thing was too astonished to double itself. But the others were still multiplying.

"Today is Wednesday, hain't it?" queried Cal. Then, as we nodded stupidly, "there's still a half hour to sunup. I can make thirty miles in the jeep. That's all the further it is to the proving ground. Good enough, providing those moon critters come hopping after me!"

The jeep was under the shed and Cal jumped into it. Next, he was driving into a cluster of moon monsters, maybe a thousand of them and we thought sure he'd be stopped cold. But they scattered, hopped or flew at sight of the thing, some of them actually doubling in their fright. Then the jeep was racing along a road that threaded across the desert and the moon monsters were chasing it like a stampeded herd.

Maybe they thought Cal was leading them to more pie. Anyway, they didn't double as they sped along, keeping only a few jumps behind the jeep. The less of them, the more pie for each. Only it would have taken plenty of pie for that motley tribe of monsters. They numbered thousands by now.

We didn't tag along. We knew where Cal was going because we knew what was happening this Wednesday morning at dawn. We hoped Cal would get there in time and we hoped his plan would work.

We heard the whole story later.

The soldiers were in their trenches, all watching the target area. The zero hour was the first moment of sunrise. Of course dawn streaked the sky first, but faintly, here in the clear dry air of the desert.

So what the troops saw happen was very vague in comparison to what we saw in the moonlight, the night before. It was said later that maybe the concussion made the soldiers think they saw something strange. But the reports also stated that there was very little concussion, the way the test fizzed.

Except we knew that it didn't really fizz. Cal was close enough when it happened to get the real score.

In the dim light that streaked the desert, a jeep came roaring up to the spot where the atomic bomb was ready to blow. From it sprang a man in rancher's costume who waved some objects that looked like flying saucers in miniature, then skimmed them back into the jeep.

The man was Cal, the saucers were pie plates, the pies included. Next, from all sides it seemed, there flew a horde of strange wild creatures that flattened the jeep like a pancake. As they formed a towering mound, the rancher dashed for the nearest trench and dived there.

Just then the atom bomb went off.

There wasn't really any cloud, just a trickle of green vapor that seemed to envelop the teeming mound of struggling creatures that might have been the mere figment of a dream.

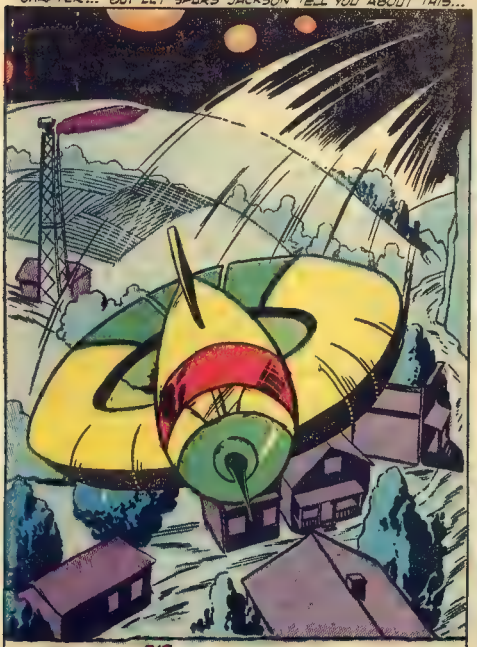
The mound faded, the vapor with it. While the soldiers stared, the rancher slipped away. Apparently, the atom bomb had been much in the nature of a dud.

But its full force had been absorbed by the moon monsters. The only thing on earth that could destroy them had been brought to bear; Atomic Energy. It turned their doubling process into a form of disentegration and the world was saved from creatures which would have been otherwise indestructible. We heard it all from Cal after he hitchhiked back.

We need a new jeep at the Z-Bar-Z Dude Ranch. The government really owes us one but we hate to ask for it, after what we let the moon monsters do to that atom bomb.

SPURS JACKSON IN DEATH FROM U-235

LIFE AS PRIME MINISTER TO QUEEN THULA MIGHT HAVE BEEN IDEAL FOR SPURS JACKSON BUT HIS WORK WAS CUT OUT FOR HIM ON EARTH. QUEEN THULA WAS GRATEFUL TO SPURS FOR HELPING HER REGAIN HER THRONE AND WHILE SHE WANTED HIM TO STAY SHE KNEW HE MUST RETURN TO EARTH, AND SO SHE PROVIDED HER PERSONAL SPACE OFFICERS TO TAKE SPURS AND HANK BACK TO ABERDEEN. THERE THEY SOON BECAME INVOLVED IN ANOTHER EXCITING CHAPTER... BUT LET SPURS JACKSON TELL YOU ABOUT THIS...



WELL, SIR... IT WAS A HOT AND STICKY DAY WHEN WE ARRIVED. I HAD LEFT MY SIDE KICK, HANK ROPER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN WHILE I ORDERED US A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF GRUB, AND I GUESS THE HEAT GOT TO BE TOO MUCH FOR ME... BECAUSE ABOUT NOON OF THAT DAY, THERE I WAS SITTING IN THE SHADE AND CAROUSING WITH THE BOYS... WHEN SUDDENLY EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY TENSED!! WHAT I SAW LOOMING BEFORE ME WAS EIGHT FEET OF SHEER UGLINESS.. 'BIG SAM'.. THE ONE MAN IN WYMAN COUNTY I HAD SWORN TO EVEN ACCOUNTS WITH!

C'MON, YUH MIDGET - GIT TUH YORE FEET! YEW BEEN A-SHOOTIN' OFF YORE MOUTH 'BOUT WHUT YUH'D DO IFN WE WUZ TUH MEET.... WULL, I HEARED 'BOUT IT AN' I'M A-FIXIN' TUH SEE TO IT THET YEW GO TUH HADES 'FORE ANYTHIN' ELSE PASSES!

JUST LIKE YOU KILLED YOUR STEP FATHER SO'S YOU COULD CLAIM THE BAR X SPREAD, EH, BIG SAM?! I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS SHOW DOWN!

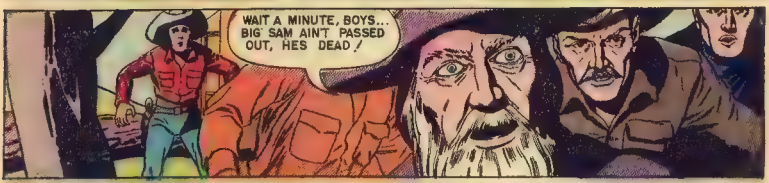
YEW AIN'T BEEN A-WAITIN' NO LONGER'N ME, JACKSON! EVER SINCE YUH SHOWED YORE FACE IN THESE PARTS AN' TOOK UP THE OLD MAN'S PART, I BEEN A-ITCHIN' TUH BASH IN YORE SKULL! NOW, STAND UP!

WATCH IT, JACKSON! HE'S GOT A GUN!

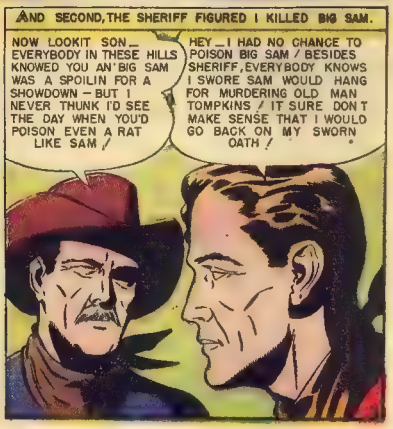
I SEE HE HAS. I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT GUN OF YOURS IS GOING TO STOP ME FROM PROVING YOU KILLED YOUR STEP FATHER..... WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOUR BULLETS OR OF YOUR SIZE, SAM. AND I AM GETTING UP, SO GO AHEAD AND SHOOT /

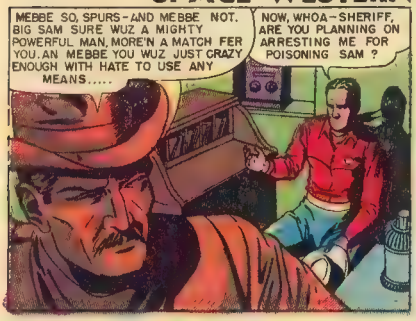
I-ER-I..... GASP...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SAM? CAN'T YOU SHOOT A MAN WHOSE LOOKING YOU STRAIGHT IN THE EYE?... OR SHOULD I TURN MY BACK, LIKE YOUR FATHER?

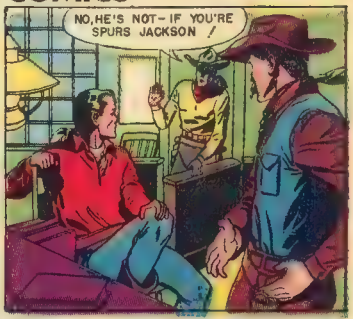
WHAT I WOULD HAVE GIVEN TO BE WEARING MY OWN GUNS THAT DAY—I WAS BLUFFING BIG SAM, TRYING TO GET REAL CLOSE... WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN ALL EIGHT FEET OF HIM CRUMPLED..
DOG MY CATS- IF'N BIG SAM HAIN'T FAINTED PLUMB AWAY—AN HIM WITH THE DRAWED GUN, TOO /
SOMEBODY FETCH A BUCKET O' WATER /

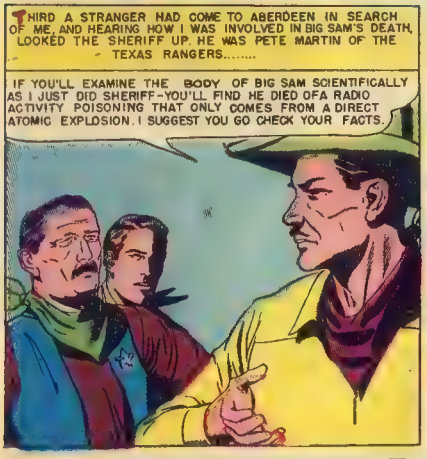

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS... BIG SAM AIN'T PASSED OUT, HES DEAD /

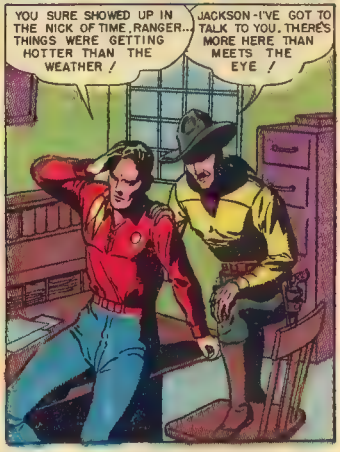
IF BIG SAM'S DYING CAME AS A SURPRISE TO ME, IT SURE WAS ONLY THE FIRST OF MANY SURPRISES FIRST OFF, NOBODY COULD MAKE OUT WHAT HE DIED FROM/
THERE AIN'T NO MARK 'R WOUND ON HIM NO PLACE HE JUST UP AN' DIED, SHERIFF, I SEED IT /
WULL THAR'S WAYS T'KILL A MAN WITH NO SIGNS O' VIOLENCE....


AND SECOND, THE SHERIFF FIGURED I KILLED BIG SAM.
NOW LOOKIT SON— EVERYBODY IN THESE HILLS KNOWED YOU AN' BIG SAM WAS A SPOILIN FOR A SHOWDOWN—BUT I NEVER THUNK I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN YOU'D POISON EVEN A RAT LIKE SAM /
HEY—I HAD NO CHANCE TO POISON BIG SAM / BESIDES SHERIFF, EVERYBODY KNOWS I SWORE SAM WOULD HANG FOR MURDERING OLD MAN TOMPKINS / IT SURE DON'T MAKE SENSE THAT I WOULD GO BACK ON MY SWORN OATH /


MEBBE SO, SPURS-AND MEBBE NOT. BIG SAM SURE WUZ A MIGHTY POWERFUL MAN, MORE'N A MATCH FER YOU. AN MEBBE YOU WUZ JUST CRAZY ENOUGH WITH HATE TO USE ANY MEANS.....
NOW, WHOA-SHERIFF, ARE YOU PLANNING ON ARRESTING ME FOR POISONING SAM ?

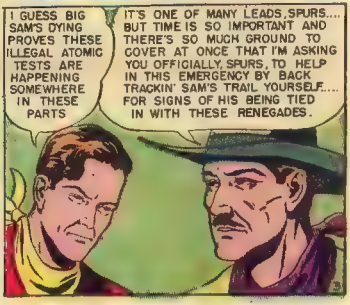

NO, HE'S NOT- IF YOU'RE SPURS JACKSON /


THIRD A STRANGER HAD COME TO ABERDEEN IN SEARCH OF ME, AND HEARING HOW I WAS INVOLVED IN BIG SAM'S DEATH, LOOKED THE SHERIFF UP. HE WAS PETE MARTIN OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.....
IF YOU'LL EXAMINE THE BODY OF BIG SAM SCIENTIFICALLY AS I JUST DID SHERIFF-YOU'LL FIND HE DIED OF A RADIO ACTIVITY POISONING THAT ONLY COMES FROM A DIRECT ATOMIC EXPLOSION. I SUGGEST YOU GO CHECK YOUR FACTS.


YOU SURE SHOWED UP IN THE NICK OF TIME, RANGER... THINGS WERE GETTING HOTTER THAN THE WEATHER /
JACKSON-I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU. THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE /

AND FOURTH, WHAT THE TEXAS RANGER HAD TO TELL ME WOULD LIFT ANY MAN'S EYEBROW

THAT'S IT IN A NUTSHELL, SPURS. WE'VE GOT TO FIND AND RESCUE THESE MISSING SCIENTISTS WHEREVER THEY'RE BEING HELD. AND WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE SOURCE PILE AND PROVING GROUNDS BEING USED FOR THESE ILLEGITIMATE TESTS /


I GUESS BIG SAM'S DYING PROVES THESE ILLEGAL ATOMIC TESTS ARE HAPPENING SOMEWHERE IN THESE PARTS
IT'S ONE OF MANY LEADS, SPURS.... BUT TIME IS SO IMPORTANT AND THERE'S SO MUCH GROUND TO COVER AT ONCE THAT I'M ASKING YOU OFFICIALLY, SPURS, TO HELP IN THIS EMERGENCY BY BACK TRACKIN' SAM'S TRAIL YOURSELF..... FOR SIGNS OF HIS BEING TIED IN WITH THESE RENEGADES.

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

NATURALLY I AGREED TO HELP THE RANGER, SO WHEN I LEFT HIM, I TOOK MY STALLION AND LIT OUT OF TOWN.
WULL BY SASSAFRAS, SPURS - I THOT YUH WUZ NEVER A-COMIN' OUTA THET TOWN AN' BACK TUH CAMP / WHUT TOOK YUH SO LONG ? HEY / WHAR Y'GOIN ?
IT'S A LONG STORY, HANK / THERE ISN'T TIME FOR PALAVERING JUST MOUNT UP AND FOLLOW ME /
.WULL, DOGGONE / YEW MEAN TUH SAY WE'RE A-LOOKIN'FER SOME MISSIN' SCIENTIST FELLERS ON THE BAR X SPREAD CAUSE BIG SAM UP AN DIED A' POISONIN' IN TOWN ? IT DON'T MAKE MUCH SENSE T'ME /
OF COURSE MY NEXT SURPRISE CAME WHEN WE REACHED THE THE BAR X SPREAD, RANCH-HOUSE
WHOA, BOY-WHOA / SAY HANK DO YOU SEE THE SAME STRANGE SIGHT THAT I DO ?
SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS / WHY THET THAR SPIDEE WEB'S BEEN A-GROWIN' ACROST THE FRONT DOOR FER AT LEAST A MONTH O' SUNDEES, SPURS /
RIGHT / AND LOOK HERE - DUST AND SAND AN INCH THICK ON THE WINDOWS. IT'S A CINCH I WAS WRONG WHEN I FIGURED BIG SAM KILLED HIS STEP FATHER FOR THIS PLACE. SAM AIN'T HARDLY BEEN HERE SINCE HE BECAME THE NEW OWNER....
WULL. WHAR'D HE LIVE THEN, IF NOT HERE, SPURS ? I SURE DON'T SEE NO BUNK HOUSES OR NOTHIN' /
MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT HANK, WHY DID HE KILL OLD MAN TOMPKINS IF NOT FOR THE HOUSE AND LAND ITSELF ? WAIT A MINUTE / WHEN I WAS A BOY, OLD TOMPKINS SHOWED ME THE ONLY OTHER SPOT WHERE A MAN COULD LIVE ON THIS LAND. C'MON /
WHAR TO ?
ARE YUH TETCHED, SPURS ? WHATCHA A DOIN' WAY UP THAR WITH THEM DANGED STONES ?
THERE SHOULD BE A CAVE UP HERE IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT / LET'S SEE . ONE OF THESE BOULDERS SHOULD MOVE UGH UGHHHH YES I'M GETTING IT NOW

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

I GOT IT ALL RIGHT. MY NEXT SURPRISE...WITH PLENTY MORE ON THE WAY
SO YOU ARE, MY GOOD MAN...BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE UNCOVERED THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO OUR CAVE, I MUST ASK YOU TO CALL TO YOUR FRIEND AND BOTH OF YOU WILL STEP INSIDE.... AS MY GUESTS, OF COURSE.....
HEY - WHO'S THIS HYAR, SPURS ?
'JUST DO WHAT HE SAYS, HANK...HE'S GOT THE DROP ON US
WULL, I'LL BE-LOOKIT HERE, SPURS WHY THIS HYAR WHOLE HILL IS JUST PLAIN HOLLORED OUT AN'- GULP / WHAT IN TARNATION IS THET ?
A ROCKET SHIP //
PRECISELY / AND IN A LEAD MINE WHERE NO EVIDENCE OF OUR RADIO-ACTIVITY CAN REACH THE STUPID OUTSIDE WORLD
WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH BRAINS TO REALIZE I HAD FOUND WHAT THE RANGERS WERE LOOKING FOR EVEN TO THE MEN IN CHAINS, BUT HANK AND I WERE ROPED AND AT THE MERCY OF THESE ATOMIC RENEGADES.....
WHUT IN SAM HILL IS A-GOIN' ON SPURS ? HOW COME THEY'S A-HOG-T-J US AN' DUMPED US IN THIS HYAR AEROPLANE CONTRAPTION ?
FROM WHAT I COULD HEAR, HANK - WE'RE GOIN' TO BE HUMAN GUINEA PIGS. TRY TO WORM YOURSELF LOOSE BEFORE THEY CLOSE THAT HATCHDOOR, OR IT'LL BE TOO LATE /
SPURS / THEY'S A-CLOSIN' THET THAR IRON DOOR RIGHT NOW /
THEN IT IS TOO LATE/BRACE YOURSELF FOR A JOLT, HANK THESE MAD MEN HAVE THIS ROCKET ATOMIC POWERED AND SET FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL FLIGHT TO VENUS, IF THEY THINK THEY'VE SUCCEEDED THEY'LL MAKE VENUS THEIR HOME AND LOOT THE EARTH
WELL, I SURE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT EXCEPT THAT HANK AND I CAME TO OUR SENSES IN A MIGHTY STRANGE PLACE.....
MOANNN... SPURS... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?
YEAH I'M OKAY. ONLY THINGS LOOK MIGHTY DIFFERENT THAN HOME.....

WE FOUND TWO AIR HELMETS IN THE SHIP AND AFTER BOLTING THEM ABOUT OUR HEADS AND SHOULDERS WE EXPLORED THIS STRANGE, EERIE PLACE.....
SPURS - I SURE GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE GONNA SPEND THE REST OF OUR DAYS HERE AND I DON'T LIKE IT.... IT'S SPOOKY /
I'M HOPIN THERE'S SOME KIND OF PEOPLE HERE, HANK - CAUSE WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY THAT ROCKET OUTA HERE. BUT MAYBE THEY WILL - IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET BACK TO WYMAN COUNTY /
BURNIN' SASSAFRAS - SPURS - LOOK / IS THEM THAR CREATURES HOSSES I SEE ? .. THEY SURE IS / HOSSES WITH WINGS THET C'N FLY LIKE A BIRD /
GET ME A ROPE FROM THE SHIP THAT I CAN MAKE A LARIAT OF, HANK
IT TOOK US AN HOUR OR SO TO ROPE AND TIE TWO OF THE PECULIAR WINGED HORSES HANK HAD SPOTTED...
LOOKIT, SPURS - THEY'S IRON HORSES / AND LOOKIT THEM THAR GADGETS N' LEVERS ON THEIR NECKS ..
I RECKON THIS IS OUR ANSWER AS TO HOW WE'RE GONNA GET BACK HOME. MAYBE WE CAN'T FLY A ROCKET - BUT WE SURE CAN RIDE A HORSE / EVEN A MECHANICAL, FLYING ONE / C'MON HANK LETS MOUNT UP...
WHIRRRR
WHIRRRR
BY DOGGIE, SPURS - / C'MON HANK - HELP ME MOVE WE DID IT / AND IN NO TIME FLAT / THAT BOULDER SO'S I CAN PUT A STOP TO THIS RENEGADE ATOMIC OUTFIT WHILE YOU GO FETCH THE RANGERS IN ABERDEEN
WHIRR
WHIRR
A FEW MINUTES LATER. .AND I GRABBED THE GUNS OF A DUMB-FOUNDED GUARD.....
ALL RIGHT, GENTS - THROW UP YOUR HANDS /

SPACE WESTERN COMICS

THERE WAS A SKIRMISH.. A LITTLE SHOOTING.. BUT NOTHING I COULDN'T TAKE CARE OF UNTIL HANK BROUGHT THE RANGERS

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, JACKSON— BUT YOU SURE CLEANED UP THIS MESS MY MEN REPORT EVERY ONE OF THE MISSING SCIENTISTS ARE HERE

WELL I CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT — I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT MY SIDEKICK, HANK ROPER /

AWW SHUCKS /

THERE'S ONLY ONE FLAW, SPURS — THOSE RESCUED SCIENTISTS ALL SEEM BATTY. THEY KEEP INSISTING THEY HID ALL THEIR ATOMIC SECRET PAPERS IN A ROCKET SHIP THAT WENT TO VENUS. SEE WHAT YOU CAN MAKE OF IT, SPURS. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THE AUTHORITIES GET THOSE PAPERS... .

I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU IF IT'S IMPORTANT /

WELL, IT SURE FELT GOOD TO GIVE OUT WITH A FEW SURPRISES OF MY OWN FOR A CHANGE ..... A PROFESSOR VOLUNTEERED TO RIDE WITH ME, AND WE MOUNTED THE WINGED HORSES AND ZOOMED OFF. .WE WERE AT THE ROCKET IN A FEW MINUTES AND RETURNED IN THAT SHIP ALMOST AS FAST

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS, SPURS THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD 'EM YUH'D DO IT — BUT YUH DID /

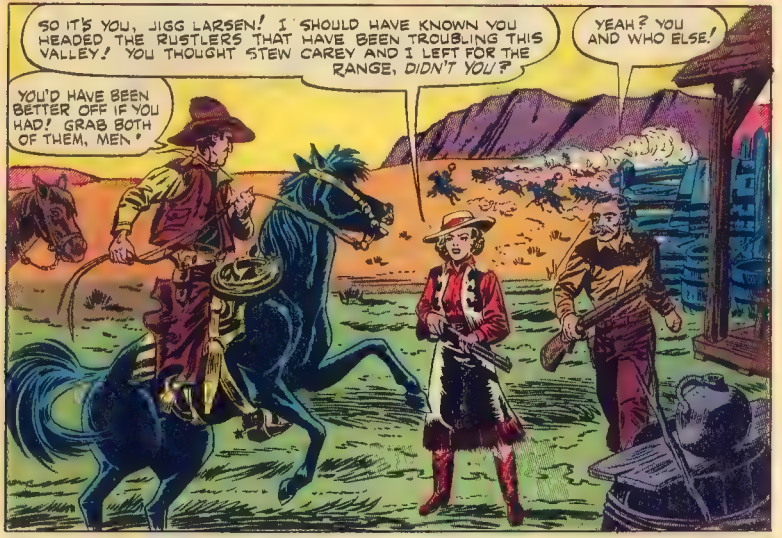
ONCE THE RANGERS TOOK OVER AND EVERYTHING SEEMED UNDER CONTROL HANK AND I KINDA MOSIED OFF.. IT'S A BIG WORLD, YOU KNOW... AND CHOCK FULL OF ADVENTURE

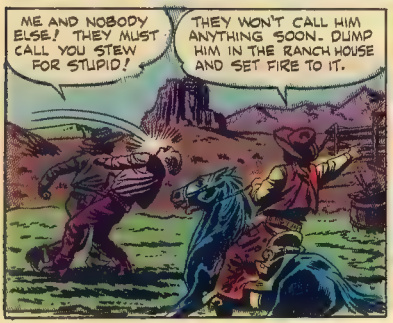
YOU KNOW, HANK - BIG SAM KILLED HIS STEP FATHER SO'S HE COULD GO IN CAHOOTS WITH THEM MADMEN AND HIS IGNORANCE OF RADIO ACTIVITY KILLED HIM ... I GUESS HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM AFTER ALL.....

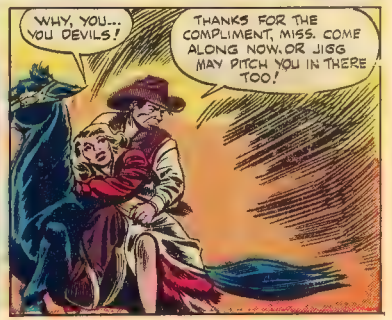
WULL, THE NEXT TIME YEW SWEAR T'GIT A KILLER, SPURS — YEW BETTER THINK TWICE, I DON'T EVER WANNA GO BACK TO THAT SPOOKY PLACE AGAIN / BRRR /

WHEN JIGG LARSEN AND HIS CATTLE RUSTLERS BURNED THE RANCHO ORO, THEY THOUGHT THEY'D COVERED ALL THEIR DIRTY TRACKS... BUT THEY DIDN'T RECKON WITH STRONG BOW AND--

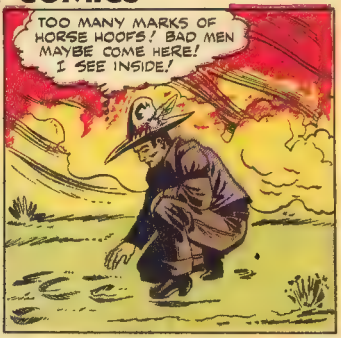
The MYSTERY OF THE INDIAN HILLS

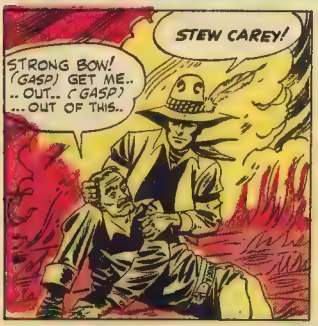

SO IT'S YOU, JIGG LARSEN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU HEADED THE RUSTLERS THAT HAVE BEEN TROUBLING THIS VALLEY! YOU THOUGHT STEW CAREY AND I LEFT FOR THE RANGE, DIDN'T YOU?
YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE!
YOU'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IF YOU HAD! GRAB BOTH OF THEM, MEN!

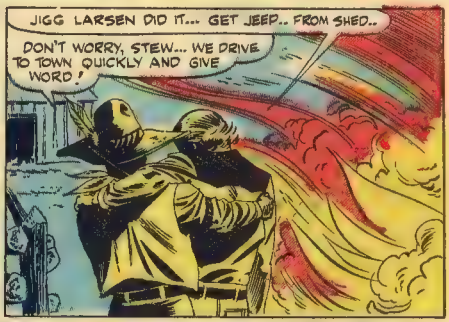

ME AND NOBODY ELSE! THEY MUST CALL YOU STEW FOR STUPID!
THEY WON'T CALL HIM ANYTHING SOON. DUMP HIM IN THE RANCH HOUSE AND SET FIRE TO IT.



RANCHO ORO ON FIRE! STRONG BOW HURRY, SEE WHAT HE CAN SAVE FOR FRIENDS!

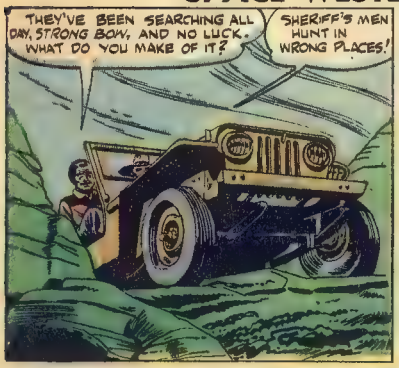

TOO MANY MARKS OF HORSE HOOFS! BAD MEN MAYBE COME HERE! I SEE INSIDE!


STEW CAREY!
STRONG BOW! (GASP) GET ME.. .. OUT.. (GASP) ...OUT OF THIS..

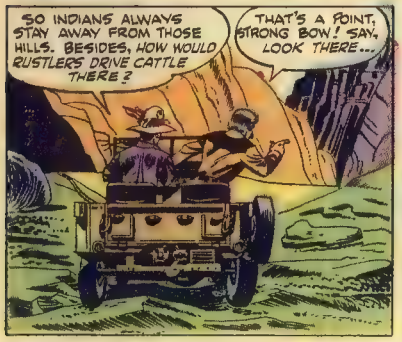

JIGG LARSEN DID IT... GET JEEP.. FROM SHED..
DON'T WORRY, STEW... WE DRIVE TO TOWN QUICKLY AND GIVE WORD!

THEY TOOK MISS LAURA ALONG WITH THE CATTLE AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE WE'LL FIND THEM, STRONG BOW!

IF STRONG BOW HERE HADN'T RESCUED ME, NOBODY WOULD EVER HAVE KNOWED WHAT HAPPENED TO MISS LAURA TOWNE!
I'LL CALL OUT EVERY ABLE BODIED MAN TO SCOUR THIS WHOLE COUNTRY!
FEED AND GRAIN


THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHING ALL DAY, STRONG BOW, AND NO LUCK. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
SHERIFF'S MEN HUNT IN WRONG PLACES!

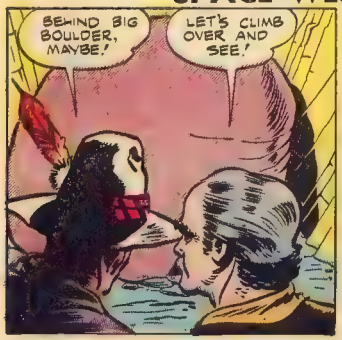
THEY HAVEN'T SEARCHED THOSE HILLS, STRONG BOW- YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT GROUND RIGHT WELL. THEY'RE CALLED, THE INDIAN HILLS!
THAT IS BECAUSE INDIANS HAVE LONG SAID THAT DEVILS LIVE THERE!

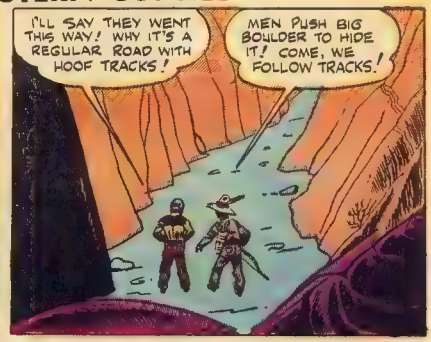

SO INDIANS ALWAYS STAY AWAY FROM THOSE HILLS. BESIDES, HOW WOULD RUSTLERS DRIVE CATTLE THERE?
THAT'S A POINT, STRONG BOW! SAY, LOOK THERE...

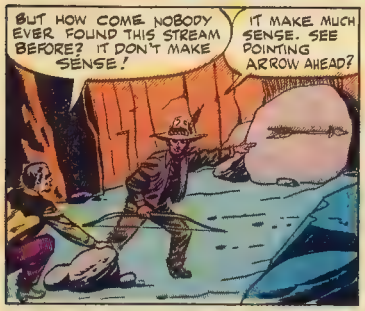
THAT OLD FELLOW MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM HIS MULE. HE LOOKS LIKE LOCO LUKE, THE PROSPECTOR WHO'S BEEN HUNTING FOR THOSE LOST SPANISH MINES!

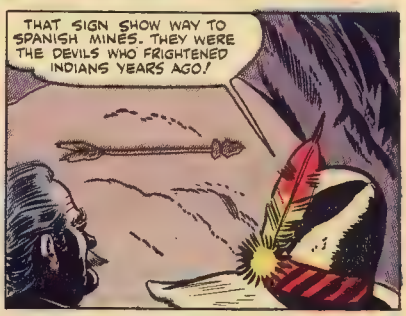
IT IS LOCO LUKE! HE'S BEEN SHOT BY THOSE RENEGADES!
LUKE WOULD LOOK FOR GOLD IN INDIAN HILLS. THERE, JIGG LARSEN FIND HIM! WE SEARCH HILLS NOW!

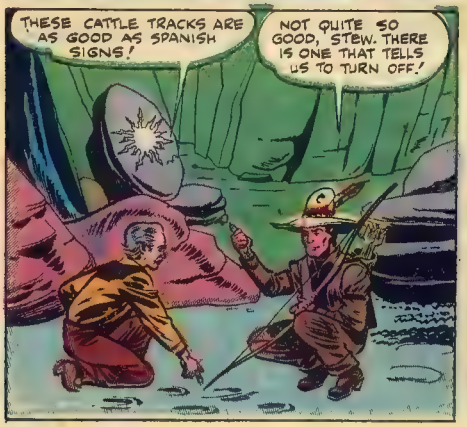
BUT YOU SAID THEY COULDN'T TAKE CATTLE UP THERE!
WE KNOW NOW THEY MUST HAVE! SO WE LOOK FOR HIDDEN TRAIL!


BEHIND BIG BOULDER, MAYBE!
LET'S CLIMB OVER AND SEE!


I'LL SAY THEY WENT THIS WAY! WHY IT'S A REGULAR ROAD WITH HOOF TRACKS!
MEN PUSH BIG BOULDER TO HIDE IT! COME, WE FOLLOW TRACKS!


BUT HOW COME NOBODY EVER FOUND THIS STREAM BEFORE? IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!
IT MAKE MUCH SENSE. SEE POINTING ARROW AHEAD?


THAT SIGN SHOW WAY TO SPANISH MINES. THEY WERE THE DEVILS WHO FRIGHTENED INDIANS YEARS AGO!


THESE CATTLE TRACKS ARE AS GOOD AS SPANISH SIGNS!
NOT QUITE SO GOOD, STEW. THERE IS ONE THAT TELLS US TO TURN OFF!

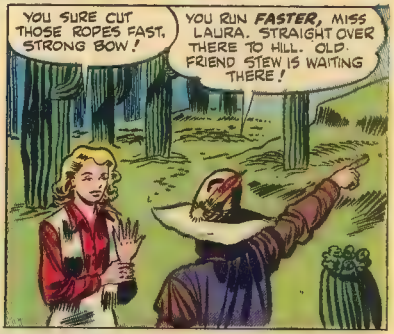
THIS SIGN MEAN WE FIND MINE CLOSE BY. WE GO THERE INSTEAD OF WALKING RIGHT INTO JIGG'S CAMP!
YOU'RE SMART, STRONG BOW!
4

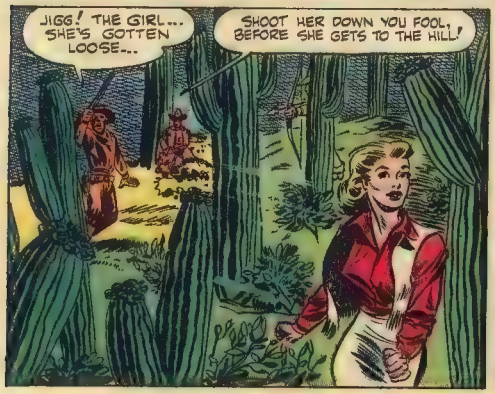
HERE'S THE OLD SHAFT LOCO WAS PROSPECTING FOR. HE FOLLOWED THE STREAM BED TOO FAR AND THE RUSTLERS GOT HIM!
WE TRY THIS PATH NOW!
MAYBE WE FIND RUSTLERS!
I'LL SAY WE WILL. LOOK HERE, STRONG BOW!
I GO DOWN THERE, STEW. YOU WAIT HERE WHILE I BRING LAURA!
IT'S AN OLD LAKE BED, STRONG BOW! THE RUSTLERS ARE USING IT TO HERD THEIR STOLEN CATTLE!
TOO BAD CACTUS DO NOT GROW CLOSER TO RUSTLER CAMP! BUT I CUT THIS AND CARRY!
...SO IF CACTUS DO NOT GROW CLOSE. STRONG BOW MAKE IT GO CLOSE!

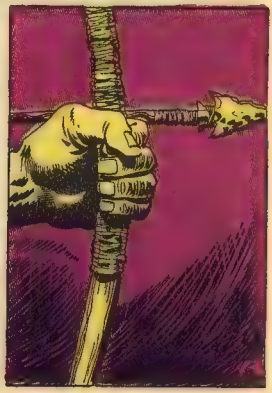
IF YOU DON'T PROMISE TO KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT LADY, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO KEEP IT SHUT! WE DID IT WITH STEW CAREY, YOU KNOW!

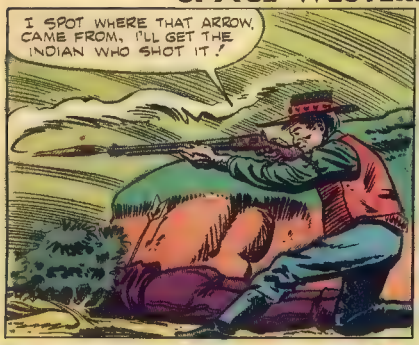
YES, I.. KNOW... YOU MURDERER!
MORE OF THAT TALK, LADY, AND I TAKE BACK MY OFFER!

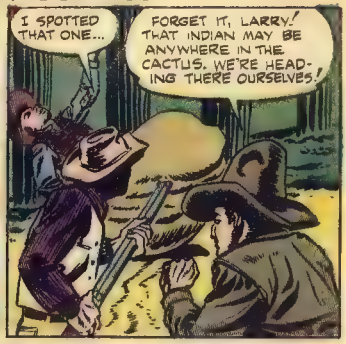
I'LL SAY WHAT I PLEASE AND IF YOU WANT TO KILL ME... OH!
QUIET, MISS LAURA!

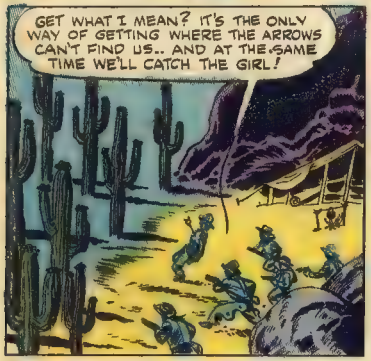

YOU SURE CUT THOSE ROPES FAST, STRONG BOW!
YOU RUN FASTER, MISS LAURA. STRAIGHT OVER THERE TO HILL. OLD FRIEND STEW IS WAITING THERE!

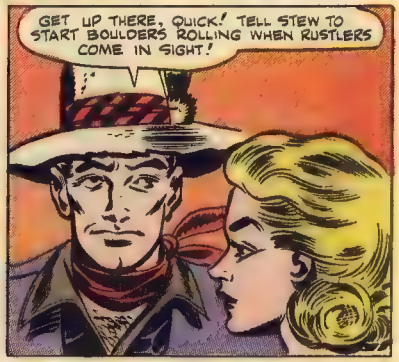

JIGG! THE GIRL... SHE'S GOTTEN LOOSE...
SHOOT HER DOWN YOU FOOL, BEFORE SHE GETS TO THE HILL!

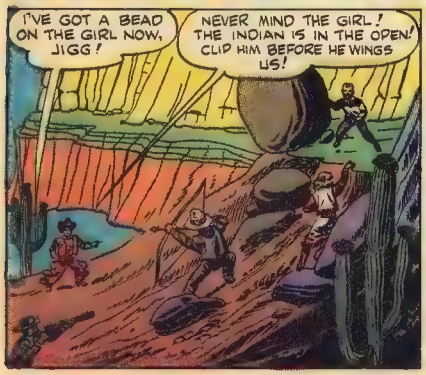


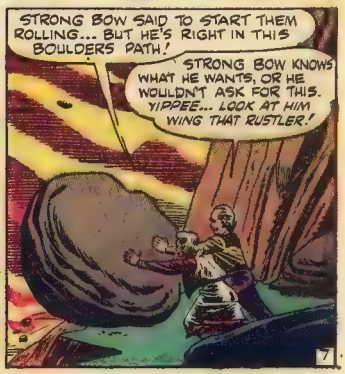

I SPOT WHERE THAT ARROW CAME FROM, I'LL GET THE INDIAN WHO SHOT IT!


I SPOTTED THAT ONE...
FORGET IT, LARRY! THAT INDIAN MAY BE ANYWHERE IN THE CACTUS. WE'RE HEADING THERE OURSELVES!


GET WHAT I MEAN? IT'S THE ONLY WAY OF GETTING WHERE THE ARROWS CAN'T FIND US.. AND AT THE SAME TIME WE'LL CATCH THE GIRL!


GET UP THERE, QUICK! TELL STEW TO START BOULDERS ROLLING WHEN RUSTLERS COME IN SIGHT!


I'VE GOT A BEAD ON THE GIRL NOW, JIGG!
NEVER MIND THE GIRL! THE INDIAN IS IN THE OPEN! CLIP HIM BEFORE HE WINGS US!


STRONG BOW SAID TO START THEM ROLLING... BUT HE'S RIGHT IN THIS BOULDERS PATH!
STRONG BOW KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, OR HE WOULDN'T ASK FOR THIS. YIPPEE... LOOK AT HIM WING THAT RUSTLER!

STRONG BOW PICK PERFECT SPOT WHERE BOULDER BOUNCE HIGH!
ZIP
ZIP
GET GOING YOU FOOLS! HALF THE ROCKS ON THE HILLSIDE ARE COMING LOOSE!
LOOK OUT, JIGG! THOSE ROCKS HAVE STAMPEDED THE CATTLE! HERE THEY COME!!!
THAT PUTS FINISH ON JIGG AND RUSTLERS! NOW WE GO BACK DOWN STREAM!
SEE? CATTLE ROUND THEMSELVES UP BEHIND BIG BOULDER!
YOU THINK OF EVERY-THING, STRONG BOW!
YOU SURE HANDLED THOSE RUSTLERS, STRONG BOW!
YOU THANK MISS LAURA, SHERIFF. SHE WAS FIRST TO FIND SECRET OF THE INDIAN HILLS!
THE END

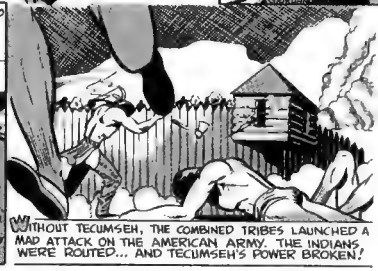
HOW A VISITOR FROM SPACE WON THE GREAT WEST FOR AMERICA!

IN 1811 THE PATH TO THE GREAT WEST WAS BLOCKED BY MANY POWERFUL INDIAN TRIBES. TECUMSEH, A GREAT INDIAN CHIEF, PLANNED TO WELD THESE TRIBES INTO A PERMANENT EMPIRE.

TRADERS, ANXIOUS TO GAIN FAVOR WITH TECUMSEH, INFORMED HIM THAT A GREAT COMET WAS DUE TO APPEAR THAT YEAR, WITH HIS BROTHER, CALLED "THE PROPHET."

TECUMSEH TOLD THE CHIEFS TO WATCH FOR TECUMSEH'S "SIGN" IN THE SKY, AS PROOF OF INDIAN SUPREMACY...

WHEN THE COMET APPEARED, ITS 130,000,000 MILE LENGTH EXCEEDED EXPECTATIONS. THE AMAZED INDIANS WERE STIRRED TO INSTANT ACTION BY THE PROPHET.



WITHOUT TECUMSEH, THE COMBINED TRIBES LAUNCHED A MAD ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN ARMY. THE INDIANS WERE ROUTED... AND TECUMSEH'S POWER BROKEN!

YEARS LATER, THE WAGONS WERE ROLLING WESTWARD, INTO AN EMPIRE GAINED BY A COMET WHICH, INSTEAD OF A SWORD, HAD PROVEN A BOOMERANG TO TECUMSEH AND HIS AMBITIONS!

The End

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INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*
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Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece
FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!
SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!
*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9
113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—$3.98.)
MY WAIST MEASURE IS....
Name....
Address....
City.....Zone.....State.....
I enclose $2.98 (for $3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.
Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75c each, 3 for $2.00)

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ZOM-B-GONE is a product of SL Tonight Consumer Products Division. Not responsible for side effects including mild haunting, spectral visitation, or existential dream. If symptoms persist consult your local exorcist.

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DEATH FROM U-235

OUTLAWS OF THE DESERT

MYSTERY OF THE INDIAN HILLS

JOHN BELFI

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